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THE SPRING.

K A

A PASTORAL.

As it is now performing at the

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

The Music by Mr. HANDEL,

And other Eminent MASTERS.

Syluestrem tenui Musam meditamur auena.

LONDON:
Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.
[Price SIXPENCE.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS this *Paſtoral* was not originally deſigned for the Theatre, it is thought proper to give the Public ſome Account of it, and by what Means it has now found its Way to the Stage.

The Choruſſes and Airs were ſelected from Mr. *Handel*, and ſeveral other eminent Maſters, by a Gentleman whoſe Taſte and Knowledge in Muſic, is perhaps his leaſt Merit.

Having conceived the Deſign of a Muſical Entertainment of this miſcellaneous Nature, he found himſelf obliged, in order to introduce the ſeveral Airs and Choruſſes with Propriety, to connect them by a Recitative of his own Compoſition: This naturally produced a kind of little Drama; and the Eaſe and Elegance of the Whole, is the more to be admired, when it is conſidered that the Words were of Neceſſity compoſed in perfect Subſervience to the Muſic.

The Piece has been ſeveral times performed at *Saliſbury*, and been greatly admired by many of the firſt Rank, and other acknowledged Judges of Muſic.---The AUTHOR, upon Mr. NORRIS (who performed a capital Part in the Paſtoral) being engaged at the Theatre, was applied to for Leave to bring it on the Stage, to which, he has moſt obligingly given his Conſent.

The two firſt Songs in the ſecond Act (though inferior to none in the *Paſtoral*) are intended to be omitted in the Performance, as the Piece might otherwiſe be thought of too great a Length to be done after a Play.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DAPHNIS,	Mr. NORRIS.
DAMON,	Mr. VERNON.
AMARYLLIS,	Mrs. VINCENT.
PHYLLIS,	Miſs YOUNG.

Chorus *of* NYMPHS *and* SHEPHERDS.

N. B. The Song, *Raging Storms, &c.* in the ſecond Act, Page 12, will be ſung inſtead of the firſt Song in the Part of *Daphnis*, *'Mid Hope and Fear, &c.* in the firſt Act, Page 8. and 9.

THE SPRING.

A PASTORAL.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

SCENE a Rural Proſpect decorated with Garlands, and Flowers of the Spring.

DAMON, PHYLLIS, *with* Chorus *of* NYMPHS *and* SHEPHERDS.

DAMON.

RECITATIVE.

YE Nymphs, ye Swains, the ſweet returning Spring
Demands the Tribute of a ruſtic Lay.

Chorus *of* NYMPHS *and* SHEPHERDS.

Fountains, while you glide along,
Blend your Murmurs with our Song.
Feather'd Warblers of the Grove,
Sing with us the Sweets of Love.

DAMON.

RECITATIVE.

When Nature ſmiles, and every Heart exults,
Nought here approach, that may debaſe the Joy.

SONG.

Ye wanton Winds, ariſe and blow,
Blow hence the Sigh, the throbbing Woe,
And plunge them in the Deep.
Such gloomy Gueſts but ill agree,
Where Jeſt and youthful Jollity
Their merry Revels keep.

RECITATIVE.

Phyllis, thy Song too give us; ſweet thy Voice,
And well thou know'ſt the ſoft *Sicilian* Strain.

PHYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

'Twere hard a Nymph ſuch Favour ſhould refuſe;
Shepherd I grant thee thy Requeſt----a Song.

SONG.

With us alike each Seaſon ſuits,
The Spring has fragrant Flow'rs;
The Summer, Shade; the Autumn, Fruits;
The Winter, ſocial Hours.

A bleating Flock, an humble Cot,
Of ſimple Food a Store:
Theſe are a bleſt unenvy'd Lot---
We aſk the Gods no more.

DAMON.

DAMON.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis done, the tuneful Strain is done---and ſee
The Songſtreſs fair prepares to quit the Plain.

DUET.

Phyllis, Phyllis, *can you fly?*
See me languiſh;
Ah! what Anguiſh!
Stay, O ſtay, or elſe I die.

PHYLLIS.

Damon, Damon, *why not fly?*
You may languiſh,
Small the Anguiſh,
Fear not, Fear not, you'll not die.

SHEPHERD.

RECITATIVE.

Believe me, *Damon*, that the Nymph ſays true,
No fear that thou ſhould'ſt die---do thou retort,
As truly too, *No Fear that ſhe ſhould go.*
Ceaſe then your Strife, the Choral Strain reſume.

Chorus *of* NYMPHS *and* SHEPHERDS *repeated.*

Fountains, while you glide along,
Blend your Murmurs with our Song.
Feather'd Warblers of the Grove,
Sing with us the Sweets of Love. *Exeunt.*

Enter DAPHNIS *and* AMARYLLIS.

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

Hark, *Amaryllis*, how the youthful Band
Carol their merry Song. *They* feel no Care:
Ah! could I ſay the ſame!---But, Faireſt, know,
I ſoon muſt leave thee. Honour calls to Arms,
And, but for Thee, with Joy I ſhould obey.

AMARYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

The plaintive Sounds, that inmoſt Nature dictates,
Who can ſuppreſs?----I try, but try in vain.

SONG.

The tuneful Bird of Night, depriv'd her Mate,
Warbling aloud, laments her cruel Fate.
Leſs tuneful I, tho' not leſs mournful, grieve:---
What Pow'r the Pains of parting can relieve?

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

For diſtant Countries tho' he change his own,
Yet ſhall thy faithful Shepherd never change.

SONG.

'Mid Hope and Fear,
Each paſſing Year
I vow a laſting Love:

Tho'

Tho' Fortune frown,
Am ſtill thy own,
Reſolv'd the worſt to prove.
So ſtill the ſame,
With faithful Aim,
The Needle ſeeks the Pole;
Tho' Storms ariſe,
Dark'ning the Skies,
And high the Billows roll.

AMARYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

Ah me! ah me! forſaken, hapleſs Maid!

DUET.

Amaryllis. *Deareſt Youth* } *in Tears for You,*
Daphnis. *Lovely Nymph* }
Thus I take my laſt Adieu.
Heav'n preſerve thee ſafe from Harms,
Safe reſtore thee to my Arms.

(Symphony *at a Diſtance.*)

AMARYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

But hark! the diſtant Sound of Dance and Song.

(Symphony *repeated.*)

It hither tends; ah! quickly let me fly,
Unfit to mix in Scenes of Mirth and Joy. *Exeunt.*

Chorus *of* NYMPHS *and* SHEPHERDS, *Dancing.*

" See we trip it as we go,
" On the light fantaſtic Toe."
Fleeting Figures form the Dance,
While we croſs, retire, advance.

DAMON.

Nymph, that lead'ſt the jocund Train,
Be not of thy Honours vain.
Fortune wheels; a Moment paſt,
Thou ſhalt find thyſelf the laſt.

PHYLLIS.

Nymph, now loweſt in the Train,
Let not Place e'er give thee Pain.
Fortune wheels; the Firſt ſhall fall;
Soon thyſelf ſhalt lead the Ball.

CHORUS.

" See we trip it as we go,
" On the light fantaſtic Toe."
Fleeting Figures form the Dance,
While we croſs, retire, advance.

End of the firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE a Grove.

AMARYLLIS *alone.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

HAIL! ſacred Solitude! hail, ſolemn Shades!
Your Gloom well ſuits a melancholy Mind.
But ah! what motley Scenes the Fancy paints,
While jarring Paſſions riſe, and rule by turns!

SONG.

[*Fond Hopes, why ſooth? ye ſooth in vain;*
The ſick'ning Mind ſoon ſinks again.
Ye pleaſe awhile, then rapidly ye fly—
Deſpair, and frantic Fears your Place ſupply.]

RECITATIVE.

But ſee! he comes.

Enter DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

——————'Tis true, my *Amaryllis*,
Spite of my firm Reſolves, again I come.

SONG.

[*Raging Storms that never reſt,*
Agitate my troubled Breaſt:
Love commands---and ſtill I ſtay;
Honour calls---I haſte away.]

AMARYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

And muſt we, muſt we part, thou peerleſs Youth?
'Tis hard---yet Heav'n ſo wills, we muſt obey.

DUET.

Amaryllis. *Deareſt Youth* } *once more adieu,*
Daphnis. *Lovely Nymph* }
Thou ſhalt ever prove me true.

Enter DAMON *and* PHYLLIS.

DAMON.

RECITATIVE.

While Joy ſincere ſparkles in every Eye,
Why ſits that Sorrow, *Daphnis*, on thy Brow?

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

O *Damon! Amaryllis* can I leave,
And not be ſad? Leave, and perhaps for ever?
Yet Honour calls, I dare not diſobey.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Glorious the Call. But know, my Friend, that Peace,
With Aſpect mild, hath huſh'd the Din of War,
And bids thee now ſecure at Home to ſtay.
The joyous News I bring----

DAPHNIS.

--------Joyous indeed!
Ah! ſee my *Amaryllis*; Damon, ſee,
What Sights it opens to the mental Eye.

SONG.

See Peace deſcend like Cherub bright;
See Diſcord ſink to Shades of Night.
Ye Zephyrs, bear it thro' the Plains,
And ſhout for Joy, ye jolly Swains.---
Why then, diſpell'd thy Doubts and Fears,
Why fall, my Fair, thoſe trickling Tears?

PHYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

Thoſe trickling Tears thy *Amaryllis* ſheds,
Are not of Grief, but overflowing Joy.
O! *Daphnis*, what a Change! a Moment hence
She thought thee loſt---but now thou'rt ever hers.

PHYLLIS.

SONG.

[Addreſſing the firſt Stanza to *Amaryllis*, the ſecond to *Daphnis*.]

Sweet are the Pleaſures,
Rich are the Treaſures,
That ſucceed to Pain and Care.

So, Tempeſt ending,
Phœbus *aſcending,*
Riſes doubly bright and fair.

Think War a Trouble,
Think Fame a Bubble,
Shun, ah! ſhun the flatt'ring Chace.
Time ſtill deſtroying,
Without enjoying,
Shadows, Phantoms, you embrace.

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

But ſee, my *Amaryllis*, ſee! again
The joyous Tribe approach. Joyous thyſelf,
No longer now their ſocial Mirth decline.

The Scene Opening to a Grand Paſtoral Vie

Enter Chorus *of* NYMPHS *and* SHEPHERDS.

Hail! O hail! thou genial Spring,
Deſtin'd thouſand Joys to bring.
Dreary Winter ſhuns thy Sight:
Welcome Seaſon for Delight.

Roſe, thy Odours round thee throw;
Zephyr, Zephyr, gently blow;
Thruſh, thy native Sonnet ſing:
Welcome, welcome, genial Spring.

A Dance of SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

DAMON.

DAMON.

RECITATIVE.

Hear, happy Lovers, what your *Damon* wiſhes,
Wiſhes to crown your Conſtancy and Truth.

SONG.

May Love your tender Hours employ,
No anxious Care your Peace annoy.
The Dread of Parting, cruel Pain,
Ah! may you never feel again.

PHYLLIS.

RECITATIVE.

May Heaven confirm thy pious Wiſh---and now
To Melody, to Mirth we give the Day.

SONG.

Goddeſs, Queen of ſoft beguiling,
Gently ſoothing, ſweetly ſmiling,
Hither haſte, and grace the Day.
Let * Saturnia *Kingdoms proffer,*
Glitt'ring Crowns and Scepters offer;
We reject imperial Sway.
Pallas, *thou in Arms delighting,*
Tempt us not with Fame and Fighting,
No,---the Toils the Joy o'erpay.---
Goddeſs, Queen of ſoft beguiling,
Gently ſoothing, ſweetly ſmiling,
Hither haſte, and grace the Day.

* *Saturnia*, a Name of *Juno*. The Song alludes to the Story of the *Judgment of Paris*, where *Juno* offered him *Empire*; *Pallas*, *Military Glory*; and *Venus*, *Beauty*: He preferred the laſt.

DAPHNIS.

RECITATIVE.

This Feſtal Hour had well become the Pipe
Of † *Thyrſis*, Darling of the *Britiſh* Muſe.
Come then, my Faireſt, join thy Voice, and aid
My bold Attempt, to tune his Lay ſublime.

DAPHNIS *and* AMARYLLIS.

DUET.

Sweet is the Breath of Morn; her Riſing ſweet,
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; fragrant the Earth;
And bright the Gems of Heav'n. But neither Morn,
Nor fragrant Earth, nor Charm of earlieſt Birds;
Nor Breath of Morning, without thee, is ſweet.

DAMON.

[illegible] and Nymphs, [illegible]
Let ev'ry Pipe, let ev'ry Voice unite,
To ſing the Praiſes of ſweet Peace and Love.

Chorus *of* NYMPHS *and* SHEPHERDS.

Hear all our Voices ſounding,
Hear ev'ry Hill rebounding,
Auſpicious happy Peace,
May Love for ever reign,
Nor give the Lover Pain,
May Diſcord ever ceaſe.

† *Thyrſis*, a Name by which *Milton*, in ſome of his Poems, calls himſelf. The Words of the Duet which follows, are taken from him.

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM